Here after

folowethcertaine bo[illegible]
cõpyled by mayster S[illegible]
tõ, Poet Laureat, whose
names here after
shall ap-
pere.

Speake Parot
The death of the noble Prynce
Kynge Edwarde the fourth.
A treatyse of the Scottes.
Ware the Pawke.
The Tunnynge of Elynour
Rummyng.

G.STEEVENS

G.SIEEVENS

My name is Parrot, a byrde of paradyse
By nature deuyſed, of a wonderous kynde
Dyuerſly dieted, with diuers dilicate ſpyce
Tyl Euphrates that flode, dryueth me into Inde
Where men of that countrey, by fortune me fynde
And ſende me, to great ladies of eſtate
Then parrot muſt haue an almon or a date

A cage curiouſly caruen, with ſyluer pyn
Properly paynted, to be my couertowre
A myrrour of glaſſe, that I may toore therin
Theſe maidēs ful mekely with many a diuers flowre
Freſhly they dreſſe, and make ſweete my bowre
With ſpeke parrot I pray you, ful courteouſly they (ſayt
Parrot is a goodly byrd, a prety Popagey

With my becke bent, my lyttle wanton eye
My feders freſhe, as is the emraude greene
About my neck a cyrculet, lyke the ryche rubye
My lyttle legges, my fete both fete and cleene
I am a minion, to wayte vpon the quene
My proper parrot, my lyttle prety foole
With ladies I lerne, and go with them to ſcole

Hagh, ha, ha, parrot, ye can laugh pretyly
Parrot hath not dyned, of al this long day
Lyke your pus cat parrot can mute and cry
In latyn, in Ebrew, Araby and Caldey
In greke tonge, parrot, can both ſpeake and ſay
As percius that poet, doth report of me
Multis expediuit pſittacio ſuum Chire

¶ Howle frenche of parryse, Parrot can lerane.
Pronouncynge my purpose, after my properte
With perliez byen, Parrot ou perlez rien
With Dowch, with Spanysh, my tonge can agre
In Englysh, to god Parrot can supple
Christ saue kynge Henry the eyght our royal kynge
The red rose in honour, to flowrysshe and sprynge.

With Katherine incōperable, our Roial quene also
That parcles pomgarnet, christ saue her noble (grace
Parrot sauez, habler castiliano
With sidasso de cosso, in turkey and in trace
This consily erpers, as techith me horace
Mole tuit sua, whose dices at pregnaunte.

¶ My lady maysters, dame philology
Gaue me a gyft, in my nest whan I laye
To learne al language, and it to spake aptely
Now pandez mory, max trantycke some men saye
Phroneses sor freneses, may not holde her waye
An almon now for Parrot, dilicatly drest
In saluc festa dies toto, theyr doth best.

¶ Moderata iuuant, but toto doth excede
Discression is moder of noble vertues all
Niden agan, in greke tonge we rede
But reason, and wit wanteth they prouincial
When wylfulnes, is vicar generall
Hec res acu tangitur, Parrot parmafoy
Ylez vous Parrot, Ylez vous coye.

Bely

Besy, besy, besy, and besynes agayne.
Nue penlez voz Parrot, what meneth this besynes
Titulus in Oreb, troubled Arons brayne
Melchisedeck mercyfull, made Moloc mercyles
To wyle is no vertue, to medling to restles
In mesure is tresure, cum sensu maturato
Ne tropo sanno, ne tropo mato.

Aram was fyred, with caldies fyre called Ur
Jobab was brought vp, in the lande of Pus
The lynage of lot, toke supporte of Assur
Jereboseth is Ebrue, who lyst the cause discus
Peace Parrot ye prate, as ye were ebrius
Howst the lyuer god, van hemrick ic seg
In popeting grew peres, whan Parrot was an egge

What is this to purpose, ouer in a whymmynneg
Hop Lobyn of Lowdeon, would haue e byt of bread
The Jebet of Baldock, was made for Jack leg
A narow vnfethered, and without an hed
A Wagbyte without blowing, standeth in no sted
Some run to far before, some run to far behynde
Some be to churlysche, and some be to kynde.

Ic dien, serueth for Estrych fether
Ic dien, is the language of the land of Weme
In Afric tongue, Wyrsa is a thonge of lether
In Palestina, there is Jerusalem
Collustrū now for parot, whyte bred & swete creme
Our thomasē she doth trip, our ienet she doth shaile
Parrot hath a blacke beard, & a fayre grene tayle.

Mo ryche myne owne thelfe, the coftermonger fay
Fate, fate, fate, ye iryth water lag
In flattering fables, men fynde but lytle fayth
But moueatur terra, let the world wag
Let fyr wrig wrag, wraftle with fyr declarag
Euery man, after his maner of wayes
Bawbreuenearuer, fo the welche man fayes

¶ Suche fhredis of fentence, ftrowed in the fhop
Of auncient Ariftippus, and fuche other mo
I gather together, and clofe in my cryp
Of my wanton conceyt, vnde do promo
Dilemata docta, in pedagogio
Sacro vatum, wherof to you I breake
I pray you, let parrot haue lyberte to fpeke.

¶ But ware the cat parrot, ware the falce cat
With who is there, a mayd, nay, nay, I trow
ware ryat parrot, ware ryot, ware that
Mete, mete, for parrot, mete I fay how
Thus diners of language, by lernynge I grow
With bas me fwete parrot, bas me fwete fwete
To dwell amonge ladies, parrot is mete

¶ Parrot, parrot, parrot, pray popigay
With my beke I can pyke, my lytle pray too
My delyght is folas, pleafure, dyfporte and play
Lyke a wanton whan I wyll, I rele to and froo
Parrot can fay, Ce fer, aue, alfo
But parrot, hath no fauour to Elebon
Aboue all other bydes, let parrot alone.

¶ Ululu, Elebon, for Jeromy doth wepe
Sion is in sadnes, Rachell truly doth loke.
Madionita, Jetro, our moyses kepeth his shepe
Gedeon is gon, that zalmane vndertoke
Oreb et zeb, of Judicum rede the boke
Now Geball, Amon, and Amaloch, harke, harke
Parrot pretendith, to be a hyhyll clarke.

¶ O Elebon Elebon, to the is cum agayne
Seon the regent amoreorum
And hog that fat hog, or bakan doth retayne
The crafty coistronus canaueorum
And asilum, whilom, refugium miserorum
Non phanum sed prophanum, standeth in lytle stede
Ululu Elebon, for iepte, is starke ded
¶ Elebon, Marybon, wheston, next Barnet
A trim tram for an horse myll it were a nyse thyng
Deyntes for dammoysels, Chaucer far fet (ring
Wo ho doth barkwel but hough ho he ruleth the
Frā scarpary to tertary renoun therin doth spring
With he said, & we said ich wot now what ich wot
Quod magnus est dominus iudas scarioth
¶ Tholomye, and haly were cunnynge and wyse
In the vol vell in the quadrāt, and in the astrolobye
To pronosticate truly the chaunce of fortunis dyse
Som rete of their trikis, som of astrology
Som pseudo propheta with Ciromancy
Yf fortune be frendly, and grace be the guyde
Honoure with renowne, wyll renne of that syde

Monon Calon
Agatō qd parato

In greco

¶ Let parrot I pray you, haue lyberte to prate
For aurea lyngua greca, ought to be magnifyed
yf it were cond perfytely, and after the rate
As lyngua latina, in scole matter occupyed
But oure grekis, theyr greke so well haue applyed
That they cannot say in greke, ridyng by the waye
Dom hosteler, fetche my horse a bottel of hay

¶ Neyther frame a silogisme, in phrise somorum
Formaliter et grece, cum medio termino
Our grekes ye walow, in the washbol argolicorum
For though ye can tell in greke what is phormio
Yet ye seke out your greke, in Capricornio
For they scape out good scripture, and set in a gall
Ye go about to amende, and ye mare all.

¶ Some argue, secundum quid ad simpliciter
And yet he would be rekenid, pro ariopagita
And some make distinctions, multipliciter
whether it a were before uou, or uou before ita
Nether wyse nor wel lerned but like hermophradita
Set sophia a syde, for euery iack raker
And euery mad medler must now be a maker.

¶ In achademia Parrot, dare no probleme kepe
For grecisari, so occupyeth the chayre
That latinum sari, may fall to rest and slepe
And silogisari, was drowned at sturbridge fayre
Triuials, & quatriuials, so sore now they appayre
That Parrot that Popagay, hath pyty to beholde
How the rest of good lernyng, is roulled vp & troid.

Alber. us

¶ Albertus, de modo significandi
And Donatus, be dryuen out of scole
Pristians hed broken, now handy dandy
And inter didascolos, is rekened for a sole
Alexander, a gander of Menanders pole
With da cansales, is cast out of the gate
And da racionales, dare not shew his pate.

¶ Plautus in his comedies, a child shall now reherse
And medyll with Quintilian, in his declaracions
That pety Caton, can scantly construe a verse
With Aueto, in Greco, & suche solempne salutaciõs
Can skantly the tenses, of his comugacions
Setting theyr myndes, so much of eloqueus
That of theyr scole maters, lost is the hole sentens.

¶ Now a nut meg, a nut meg, cum gariopholo
For parrot to pyke vpon, his brayne for to stable
Swete synamum stykis, and pteris com musco
In paradyse, that place of pleasure perdurable
The progeny of parrottis, were fayre and fauorable
Now in valle ebron, parrot is fayne to fede
Cristecrosse, & sainct Nicholas, parrot bi your good (spede
¶ The myrrour that I tote in, quasi diaphonum
Uel quasi speculum, in Enigmate
Elencum, or elles, Emtimematicum
For logicions to loke on, sommwhat sophistice
Rethoricions and oratours, in freshe humanyte
Support perrot, I pray you with your sabrege or-
Of confuse tãtum, auoyding the chekmate (nate

Cwut of that suppolicion, that called is arte
Consule distrubitiue, as parrot hath deuysed
Let euery man, after his merit, take his parte
For in this processe, parrot nothyng hath surmysed
No matter pretended, nor nothyng enterpryced
But that metaphora, alegoria with all
Shall be his protection, his paris and his wall

For parrot is no chirlish Chowgh, nor no flekid pye
Parrot is no pendugum, that men call a carlyng
Parrot is no woodcocke, nor no butterfly
Parrot is no stameryng starr, that men cal a starling
But parrot is myne own dere hart, & my dere derlig
Melpomene that faire mayde, the burnished his beke
I pray you let parrot, haue lyberte to speke

Parrot, is a sayre byrd for a lady
God of his goodnes, him framed and wrought
When parrot is dead, she doth not putrefy
Ye all thing mortall shall tourne vnto nought
Except mannes soule, that Christ so dere bought
That neuer may dye, nor neuer dye shall
Make muche of parrot, that popegay ryall

For that pereles prynce, that parrot dyd create
He made you of nothynge, by his magistye
Poynt wel this probleme, that parrot doth prate
And remembre amonge, how parrot and ye
Shall lepe from this lyfe, as mery as we be
Pompe, pryde, honour, ryches and worldly lust
Parrot sayeth playnly, shall tourne al to dust.

Thus

Thus parrot dothe pray you
With hert most tender
To rekyn with this recule now
And it to remember
Psitacus ecce cano nec sunt mea carmina phebo:
Dignascio tamen est
Plena camena deo.
Secundum skeltonida famigeratum
In piereoxum Cathalago numeratum
Galathea
Itaque Consolanimi inuicem
In verbis istis. &c.
Candidi lectoxes callide callete
vestrum souete, psitacum. &c.
Galethea.
Now kus me parrot, kus me, kus, kus, kus
Goddis blessynge lyght on thy swete lyttle mus
Vita et anima
Zoelzepsiche
Aquinates Amen.
Concubunt grece, Non
est hic sermo pudicus
Actica dictamina
Ergo Suus plumbilamina
Vel spuria Vitulamino
Auertat hoc Urania.
Amen amen
and set to a d
And then it is amend
Our new sounde a.b.c.
Cum ceteris
paribus.

Of the death of the noble prince Kynge Edwarde the forth, per Skelton Laureatum.

Miseremini mei, ye that be my frendis
The world, hath formed me downe to fall
Now may I endure whē that euery thīg en-
what creature is borne, to be eternall (dy-
Now there is no more, but pray for me all
Thus say I Edward, that late was youre kynge
And .xvii. yeres ruled, this imperyall
Some vnto pleasure, and some to no lykynge
Mercy I aske, of my mysdoynge
what auayleth hit, frendes to be my foo
Sith I can not resyst, nor amend your complaining
Quia ecce nunc in puluere dormio

I slepe now in molde, as it is naturall
As erth, vnto erth, hath his reuerture
what ordeyned god, to be terestryall
without recours, to the erth of nature
who to lyue euer, may be sure
what is it to trust, on mutabilyte
Sith that in this world, nothing may indure
For now am I gone, that late was in prosperyte
To presume ther vppon, it is but a vanyte
Not certayne, but as a chery fayre full of wo
Reygned not I, of late, in greate felycite
Et ecce nunc in puluere dormio.

Where was my lyfe, such one as I

wh;yl

Whyle lady fortune, with me had continuaunce
Graunted not she me, to haue victory
In Englande to rayne, and to contribute Fraunce,
She toke me by the hand, and led me a daunce
And with her sugred lyppes, on me she smyled
But what, for her dissembled countenaunce
I coud not beware, tyl I was begyled
Now from this world, she hath me exyled
When I was lothyst, hens for to go
And I am in age, but as who sayth a chylde
Et ecce nunc in puluere dormio.

I had ynough, I held me not content
Without remembraunce, that I should dye
And more euer to increche, redy was I bent
I knew not how longe, I would it occupy
I made the tower stronge, I wyst not why
I knew not to whom, I purchased Teterfall
I amendid Douet, on the mount ayne hye
And London I prouoked, to fortify the wall
I made Nottingam, a place royall
Windsore, Eltam, and many other mo
Yet at the last, I went from them all
Et ecce nunc in puluere dormio
Where is now, my conquest and victory
Where is my riches, and my royal aray
Wher be my courcers, and my horses hye
Where is my myrth, my solas, and play
As vanyte to nought, al is wandred away
O lady Bes, longe for me may ye call
For I am departed, tyl domis day

But

But loue ye that lorde, that is souereyne of all
wherebe my castels, and buyldynges royall
But windsore alone, now I haue no mo
And of eton, the prayers perpetuall
Et ecce nunc in puluere dormio.

¶ why should a man, be proude or presume hye
Saincte Bernard, therof nobly doth trete
Seyth a man, is but a sacke of stercorry
And shall returne, vnto wormis mete
why, what cam of Alexander the greate
Or els of stronge Sampson, who can tell
where us wormes ordeyned, theyr flesh to frete
And of Salomon, that was of wyt the well
Absolon, prosteryd his heare for to sell
Yet for al his bewte, wormys ete him also
And I but late, in honour dyd excel
Et ecce nunc in puluere dormio
¶ I haue played my pageyond, now am I past
Ye wot well all, I was of no great yeld
Thus al thing concluded, shalbe at the last
when death approchyth, then lost is the selve
Then sythen thys world, me no longer vp holde
Nor nought would conserue me, here in my place
In manus tuas domine, my spirite vp I yelde
Humble beseching, the good of thy grace
Ye curtes commyns, your hert is vnbrace
Hanyngly now to pray for me also
For rysyt wel you know, your kyng I was,
Et ecce nunc in puluere dormio.

Finis.

Agayust the prowde Scottes clatterynge
hat neuer wyll leaue theyr tratlynge
gan they the felde, and lost theyr kynge
hey may well say, fye on that wynnynge.

LO these fonde sottes. And tratlynge Scottes
How they are blynde. In theyr owne mynde
And wyll not know. Theyr ouerthrow
t braunt on more. They are so stowre
o frantyke mad. They say they had
nd wan the felde. with spere and shelde
hat is as trew. As blacke is blew
nd grene is gray. what euer they say
emmy is ded. And closed in led
hat was theyr owne kynge. Fy on that waynnyng.

At Folddon hyllys. Our bowys our byllys
lew all the floure. Of theyr honoure
re not these scottys. Folys and sottys
uche boste to make. To prate and crake
o face to brace. All voyde of grace
u prowde of hart. So ouerthwart
o out of frame. So voyde of shame
s it is enrolde. wryten and tolde
ithin this quayre. who lyst to repayre
nd ther in reed. Shall fynde in deed
mad rekenynge. Consyderynge al thynge
hat the scottis may synge. Fy on the wynnynne

when

When the Scottelyued.

Joly Jemmy, ye scornefull Scot
Is it come vnto your lot
A solempne sumner for to be
It greyth nought for your degre
Our Kynge of Englande for to syght
Your souerayne lord, our prynce of might
Ye for to sende, such a Citacion
It shameth all your noughty nacion
In comparyson, but kynge Koppynge
Vnto our prince, annoynted kynge
Ye play Hop Lobbyn of Lowdean
Ye shew ryght well, what good ye can
Ye may be lorde of Locrian
Christ fence you, with a frying pan
Of Edingborrow, and saint ionis towne
Adieu syr sumner, cast of youre crowne

When the Scot was slayne.

Contynually I shall remember
The mery moneth of septrember
With the .xi. daye of the same
For then began, our myrth and game
So that now I haue deuysed
And in my mynde, I haue comprysed
Of the prowde Scot, kynge Jemmy
To wryte some lyttle tragedy
For no maner consyderacion
Of any sorowful Lamentacion
But for the special consolacion
Of all our royall englysh nacion
Melpomone, O muse tragediall

Vnto

Unto your grace, for grace now I call
To guyde my pen, and my pen to enbybe
Illumyn me, your Poete, and your Scrybe.
That with myxture, of Aloes and byter gall
I may compounde, confectures for A cordiall
To angre the Scottes, & Iryth kelterynges with all
That late were discomfect, with Bastayle marcyall.

Thalia, my Muse, for you also call I
To touche them with tauntes, of your armony
A medley to make, of myrth with sadnes
The hartes of England, to comfort with gladnes
And now to begyn, I wyll me adres
To your reherfynge, the somme of my proces

Kynge Jamy, Jemmy, Jocky my Joye
Summond our kynge, why dyd ye so
To you, nothing it dyd accorde
To Summon our Kynge, your soueraygne Lord
A kyng a Sumner, it was great wonder
Know ye not suger, this salt a sonder
Your Sumner to saucy, to malapert
Your harrold in armes, not yet halfe experte
Ye thought ye dyd, yet valyauntly
Not worth thre skyppes of a Pye
Syr skyr galyard, ye were so skyt
Your wyll, tyan ran before your wyt.

Your lege ye layd, and your ally
Your frantick fable, not worth a fly
Frenche kynge, or one or other

Regarded ye would, your lord, your brother
Trowid ye syr Jemy, his nobul grace
From you syr scot, would turne his face
With gup syr scot, of Balawey
Now is your pryde, fall to decay
Male dryd, was your fals entent
For to offende, your presydent
your soueraygne lord, most reuerent
your lord, your brother and your regent.

In him is sygured, Melchisedec
And ye were disloyall Amalec
He is our noble Scripione
Anoynted kyng, and ye were none
Thoughe ye vntruly your father haue slayne
His tytle is true, in Fraunce to raygne
And ye proud scot, Dunde, Dunbar
Pardy ye were, his homager
And surer to his parliament
For your vntruth, now ar ye shent
ye bare your selfe, somwhat to bold
Therfore ye lost, your copye hold
ye were bonde tenent, to his estate
Lost is yout game, ye are check mate.

Unto the castell of Norham
I vnderstande, to sone ye came
At Branston more, and Flodden hylles
Our Englysh bowes, our Englysh bylles
Agaynst you gaue, so sharpe a shower
That of Scotland, ye lost the flower

The

The whyte lyon there rampaunt of moode
He ragyd and rent out your hart bloode
He the whyte, and ye the red
The whyte, there slew the red starke ded
Thus for your guerdon quyt at ye
Thanked be God in Trinite
And swete saint George our ladies knyght
Your eye is out, a dew good nyght

Ye were starke mad to make a fray
His grace beyng out of the way
But by the power and might of God
For your owne tayle ye made a rod
Ye wanted wit, fyr at a worde
Ye lost your spurres, ye lost your sworde
Ye myght have vaulted your to huntley bankys
Your pryse was pelyrys play such prankys
Your poustie could not attayne
With out kynge royal, war to mayntayne

Of the kyng of Maurine ye might take heed
Ungracyously how he doth spred
In double beynge, to be dedeine
That he is kynge, without a Reme
And for example, he nothyng none take
Experiens hath brought you, in sure a brake
Your welth, your ioy, your sport, your play
Your bragynge boste, your royal aray
Your beard so bryn, as bore at bay
Your seuen systers, that Sun so gay
All haue ye lost, and cast away.

Thus fortune hath tourned you, I dare well saye
Now from a kynge, to a clot of clay.
Out of Robes, ye were shaked
And wretchedly ye lay, starke your naked
For lacke of grace, hard was your hap
The Popes cures, gaue you that clap.
Of the out yles, the roughe soted Scottes
We haue well eased them of the bottes
The rude ranke Scottes, lyke dronken dranes
At Englyth bowes, haue fetched theyr banes.
It is not syttyng, in tower and towne
A Sumner, to were a kynges crowne
Fortune on you, therfore did frowne
Ye were to hye, ye are cast downe
Syr Sumner now, where is your crowne
Cast of your crowne, cast by your crowne
Syr Sumner, now ye haue lost your crowne.
Quod Skelton Laureate. Oratoure to the kynges most royall estate.

Scotica redacta in formam prouincie
Regis parebit nutibus angtie:
Alioquin (per desertum siu) super Cherubin
Cherubin, seraphim, seraphim gz ergo. &c.

Unto diuers people that remord his rympynge agaynst the scot Jemmy.

I Am now constrayned
With wordes not fynge fayned
This inuectiue to make. For some people lak
That lyst for to iangyll
And waywardly to wrangyll

Agayn

Agaynſt this my makynge
Their males therat ſhakynge
At it reprehending. And venemouſly ſtingynge
Rebukynge and remordyng
And nothyng accordyng.
¶ Cauſe haue they none other
But for that he was brother
Brother vnnatural. Unto our kynge royall
Againſt whom he dyd fyght
Falſly agaynſt all ryght
Lyke that vntrue rebell
Fals Kayn agaynſt Abell
¶ Who ſo therat pyketh mood
The tokens are not good
To be true Engliſh blood
For yf they vnderſtood
His trayterouſly diſpyght
He was a recrayed knyght
A ſubtyll ſyſmatyke
Ryght nere an heretyke
Of grace out of the ſtate
And died excomunycate.
And for he was a kynge
The more ſhameſull rekenynge
Of hym ſhould men report
Inerneſt and in ſport
He ſkantly loueth our Kynge
That grudgeth at this thyng
That caſt ſuch ouerthwartes
Percaſe haue hollow hartes.
¶ Si veritatem dico, quare non creditis mihi.

Chorus

¶ Chorus de Dyd, contra Scottes, cum
omni processionali festinitate
solempnisauit hoc
Epitoma
xcii. die,
Septembris. &c.

SAlue festa dies toto resonabilis euo
Qua scottus iacobus obrutus ense cadit
Barbara scottorū gens ꝑfida plena malorū
Vincitur ad Mollam, vertitur inq; fugam
Vasta paulus sed campestris (horrie memoratur
Blanchon more) scottis terra perosa fuit,
Scottica castra fremūt Floddun sub mōtibus altis
Que valide inuadens dissipat anglia manus
Milia scottorum truncit gens anglica passim
Lucuriat tepido sanguine pigmis humus
Pars animas miseri miseras, misere sub vmbras
Pars ruit in foueas, pars subijt latebras
Iam quid agit Jacobus, dānorū gremine cretus
Perfidus vt nemroth lapsus ad iam ruit
Dic modo scottorū Dedum male sane malorum
Rector nunc Regeris mortuus exce iaces
Sic Leo te Rapidus Leo candidus inclitus vlsyt
Quoo Leo tu Rubius vltima fata luis
Anglia doc chorreas Resonēt tua tempana psallas
Psalaudes domino. Da pia vota deo.

¶ Hec Laureatus Skeltonis
Regius orator.

Chorus

¶ Chorus de Dis. &c. sup triūphali victoīa contra gallos. &c. cantauit solemniter hoc Elogium in profesto diui Joīis ad vecolationem.

Salue festa dies toto memorabilis euo
Qua Rex Henricus gallica bella premit
Hēric⁹ Rutilans Cetauus noster in armis
Tirwinne gentis menia strauit humi
Sceptriger anglor bello validissim⁹ hec-
Frācorū gētis colla superba terit (tor
Dux armis nup celebris modo dux inermis
De lōguile modo die quo tua pompa ruit
De cleremoūt clarus dudū die galle supbe
Unde supbus eris: carcere nonne gemis:
Discite frācorū gens cetera capta, brītānū
Noscite magnanimū, subdite vos qz tibi,
Gloria cappadocis diue miles qz Marie
Jilius hic sub ope Gallica regna reget.
Hoc insigne bonum diuino Numine gestū
Anglica gēs referat semy, ouās qz canat

¶ Per Skeltonida Laureatum,
Oratorem Regium.

¶ Here after folowyth the boke, entytuled Ware the hauke. per Skelton Laureat.

¶ Prologus Skeltonidis. Laureati super ware the Hawke.

THis worke deuysed is
For such as do a mys
And specyally to controule
Such as haue cure of soule
That be so farre abused
They can not be excused
By reason nor by law
But that they play the daw
To hawke or els to hunt
From the Aulter to the funte
With cry vnreuerent
Before the sacrament
Within the holy church bowndis
That of our faith, the grounde is
That pryest that hawkys so
All grace is farre him fro
He semeth a sysmatyke
Or els an hereryke
For fayth in him is faynte
Therefore to make complaunt

Of ſuch myſaduyſed
Parſons, and dyſgyſed
This boke we haue deuyſed
Compendiouſly compryſed
No good prieſt to offende
But ſuche dawes to amende
In hope that no man ſhall
By myſcontent withall.

I Shall you make relacion
By waye of a poſtrofacion
Under ſuppoztacion.
Of youre pacyent tolleracion
How I Skelton Laureat
Deuyſed and alſo wzate
Upon a lewde Curate
A parſon benyfyced
But nothing well aduyſed
He ſhall be as now nameleſs
But he ſhall not be blameleſs
Noz he ſhal not be ſhameleſs
Foz ſure he wzought a myſ
To hawke in my church of Diſ
This fonde frantyke fouconer.

With his polutid pawtenar
As preist vnreuerent
Streyght to the sacrament
He made his hawke to fly
With hogeous showte and cry
The hye auter he strypt naked
There on he stode and craked
He shoke downe all the clothis
And sware horrible othes
Before the face of God
By Moyses and Arons rod
Or that he thens yede
His hawke shoulde pray and fede
Upon a pigeons maw
The bloude ran downe raw
Upon the auter stone
The hawke tyrid on a bonne
And in the holy place
She mutid there a chase
Upon my corporas face
Such sacrificium laudis
He made with suche gambawdis
Obseruate
His seconde hawke werid gery.

And

And was with flying wery
She had flowin so oft
That on the rode loft
She perkyd her to rest
The Fauconer then was vrlest
Came runnyng with a dow
And cryed stow stow stow
But she would not bow
He then to be sure
Callid her with a lure
Her mete was very crude
She had not wel endude
She was not clene enlaymed
She was not well reclaymed
But the fawconer vnfayned
Was much moze febler brayned
The hawke had no lyst
To come to hys fyst
She loked as she had the fronnce
With that he gaue her a bounce
Full vpon the gozge
I wyll not farye noz forge
The hawke with that clap
Fell downe with euyll hap

nd

The

The church dozes were ſparred
Faſt boltyd and barryd
Yet wyth a pzety gyn
I foztuned to come in
This rebell to beholde
Wherof him I controlde
But he ſayde that he woulde
Againſt my mynde and wyll
In my churche hawke ſtyll.

Conſiderate.

On ſainct John decollacion
He hawked on this facion
Tempoze, veſperarum
Sz, non ſcundumſarum
But lyke a marche harum
His bzaynes were ſo parum
He ſayde he would not let
His houndis foz to fet
To hunte there by lyberte
In the dyſpyte of me
And to halow there the foz
Downe went my offerynge boz
Boke bell and candyll
All that he myght handyll

Cros

Cros ſtaffe, lectryne and banner
Fell downe on this manner.
Delyberate.
With troll, cytrace and trouy
They ranged hankin bouy
My churche all aboute
This fawconer then gan ſhowte.
Theſe be my goſpellers
Theſe be my pyſtillers
Theſe be my queryſters
To helpe me to ſynge
My hawkes to mattens rynge
In this prieſtly gydynge
His hawke then flew vppon
The rode with mary and John
Delt he not lyke a fon
Delt he not lyke a daw
Or els is this goddes law
Decrees or Decretals
Or holy Sinodals
Or els prouincials
Thus within the wals
Of holy church to deale
Thus to rynge a peale

With his hawkis bels
Dowtles such losels
Make the churche to be
In smale auctoryte
A curate in speciall
To snappar and to fall
In to this open cryme
To loke on this were tyme
Vigilate.
But who so that lokys
In the officiallis bokis
There he may se and reed
That this is matter in deed
How be it mayden meed
Made theym to be agreed
And so the scryde was feed
And the Pharasay
Then durst nothing say
But let the matter slyp
And made truth to trip
And of the spiritual law
They made but a gew gaw
And toke it out in drynke
And this the cause doth shrynke

The church is thus abused
Reproched and pollutyd
Correccion hath na place
And all for lacke of grace.

De plorate

Loke now in Exodi
And dearcha domini
With regum by and by
The bybyll wyll not ly
How the temple was kept
How the temple was swept
Where sanguis taurorum
Aut sanguis vitulorum
Was offryd within the wallis
After ceremoniallis
When it was poluted
Sentence was execured
By wey of exp acion
For reconciliacion

Diuinitate

Then muche more by the rode
Where Christis precious blode
Dayly offred is
To be poluted this

And that he wyshed with all
That the dowues donge downe might fa
In to my chalis at mas
When consecrated was
The blessed sacrament
O pryest vnreuerent
He sayde that he wouldе hunt
From the aulter to the Font.

Reformate.

☞ Of no tyrande I rede
That so farre dyd excede
Neyther yet Diocleyan
Nor yet Domitian
Nor yet croked Cacus
Nor yet dronken Bacus
Nother Olibrius
Nor Dionisyus
Nother Phalary
Rehersed in valery
Nor Sardanapall
Unhappiest of all
Nor Nero the worst
Nor Clawdius the curst
Nor yet Egeas

Nor yet syr Pherumbras
Nother zorobabell
Nor cruel Jesabell
Nor yet Tarquinius
Whom Tytus Liuius
In wrytynge doth enroll
I haue red them poll by poll
The story of Arystobell
And of Constantinopell
Which cityе Miscreantys wan
And slew many a chrysten man
Yet the Sowden nor the Turke
Wrought neuer suche a worke
For to let theyr hawkes fly
In the church of saint Sophy
With much matter more
That I kepe in store
Pensitate
Then in a tabull playne
I wroute a verse or twayne
Where ai he made dysdayne
The pekysh parsons brayne
Cowde not rech nor attayne
what the sentence ment

He sayde for a crokid intent
The wordes were paruerted
And this he ouerthwarted
Of the which proces
Ye may know more expres
If it please you to loke
In the resydew of this boke

Here after folowety the tabull

LOke on this tabull
whether thou art a bull
Torede or to spell
What these verses tell

Si cpuis lutueris est colo bũraarã
Nirphedras visay caniuter tũtãtes
Raterplas Natãbrian vinludus
itnugenus.
18.10.2.11.19.4.13.3.3.1. tẽualet.
Cartula stet precor hec uullo te-
meranda petulco.
Hos rapiet Numeros non homo
sz mala bos.
Ex parte. Rem carte aduerte aper
te, pone musam ar ethusam hanc.

Wherto ſhould I reherſe
The ſentence of my vers
In them be no ſcolys
For wayuſycke frantycke folys
Conſtrues hoc, domine daucock.
ware the hawke
Maiſter Sophiſta
ye ſympler, ſilogiſta
The deuelyſh dogmatiſta
Your hawke on your fiſta
To hawke when your liſta
In eccleſia iſta, domine racapiſti
With thy hawke on thy fyſty
Nunquid ſic dixiſti. Nunquid ſic feciſti
Sed vbi hoc legiſti
Aut vnde hoc, doctor dawcocke
ware the hawke.
Doctor Dialetica
where fynde you in ypotetica
Or in Cathagozia. Latina, ſiue dozica
To vſe your hawkys, forica
In propiciatozio. Tanquam, diuerſozio
Vnde hoc, domine dawcocke
ware the hawke

Say to me Jacke harys
Quare accuparis Ad sacramentū aultaris
For no reuens thou sparys
To shake my pygeons federis
Super, arcam federis
Unde hoc, doctor dawcocke
Ware the hawke
Sir dominus vobiscum Par aucupium
Ye made your hawke to cum
De super, candelabrum
Christi crucifixi
To fede vpon your fisty
Dic inimice crucis christi. Ubi didicisti
Facere hoc, domine dawcocke
Ware the hawke
Apostata Julianus
Nor yet Nestorianus
Thou shalt no where rede
That they dyd suche a dede
To let theyr hawkys fly
Ad ostium tabernaculi
In quo est corpus domini
Caue hoc, doctor dawcock
Ware the hawke

Th

This dowtles ye rauyd
Dys church ye thus depzauyd
Wherfoze as I be ſauyd
Ye are therfoze be knauyd
Quare, quia euangelia
Concha, et conchelia.
Incipiter, & ſonalia Et, bzuta aília
Cetera, quoꝝ talia
Tibi ſunt equalia
Unde hoc domine dawcocke
Ware the hawke
Et relis et ralis. Et reliqualis
From Granado to galis
From wynchelſee to walys
Non eſt bzaynſycke talys
Nec mino racionalis. Nec magis beſtialis
That ſynggys with a chalys
Conſtruas hoc doctoz dawcocke
ware the hawke
Malyd wyrles ſmery ſmyth
Hampar with your hammer vpõ thy ſtyth
And make here of a ſyckyll oz a ſaw
Foz thoughe ye lyue a.c. yere ye ſhall dy a
Uos valete doctoz indiſcrete. (daw
Skeltonis

Skeltonis Astrophat ad diuū Johānē decollatū in cuius pfesto ficbat hoc aucupiū.

Memorāda dies qua decolare Johānes Aucupiū facit hod quōdā ꝙ fecerit īfra ecclesiam de dis violans sua sacra sacrorū rectoꝛ dewhipstok doctoꝛ cognomine daucocke, et dominus wodcoke, pꝛobat is. pꝛobat hic. pꝛobat. hec hoc.

Idē. de libera dicacitate poetica, in extolēda pꝛobitate & in perfricāda ignobilate.

Libertas veneranda piis cōcessa poetis
Discēdi est quecūꝯ placēt querūꝯ iuuabūt vel quecūqꝫ valēt iustas defēdere causas vel quecūque volēt stolidos moꝛdere petulcos Ergo dabis veniam.

Quod Skelton Laureat.

☞ All nobyll men of this take hede
And beleue it as your crede.

To hasty of sentens
To fers for non offens
To scars of your expens
To large in neclygens
To slacke in recompens

To

To hawt in excellens
To lyght intellygens
And to lyght of Credens
where these kepe resydens
Reason is banysshed thens
And also dame Prudens
with sober Sapiens

All noble men of this take hede
And beleue it as your crede.
Then without collusyon
Marke well this conclusyon
Thorow suche abusyon
And by such Illusyon
Unto great confucyon
A nobyll man may fall
And hys honoure appall
That yf ye thynke this shall
Not rub you on the gall
Then the deuyll take all
All nobyll men of this take hede, &c.

Quod Skelton Laureate

¶ Ye may here now, in this ryme
How euery thing, must haue a tyme.

Tyme is a thing, that no man may reſyſt
Tyme is trancytory, and Irrouocable
who ſayeth the contrary, tyme paſſeth as hym (lyſt
Tyme must be taken, in ſeaſon couenable
Take tyme when tyme is, for tyme is ay mutable
All thynge hath tyme, who can for it prouyde
Byde for tyme who wyll, for tyme wyll no man byde
¶ Tyme to be ſad, and tyme to play and ſporte
Tyme to take reſt, by way of creation
Tyme to ſtudy, and tyme to vſe comfort
Tyme of pleaſure, and tyme of conſolation
Thus tyme hath his tyme, of diuers maner facion
Tyme for to eate and drynke, for thy repaſt
Tyme to be lyberall, and tyme to make no waſt
¶ Tyme to trauell, and tyme for to reſt
Tyme for to ſpeake, and tyme to holde thy peaſe
Tyme would be vſed, when tyme is beſt
Tyme to begyn, and tyme for to ceaſe
And when tyme is, put thy ſelfe in preaſe
And when tyme is, to holde thy ſelfe a backe.
For tyme well ſpent, can neuer haue lacke
¶ The rotys take theyr ſap, in tyme of vere
In tyme of ſomer, flowres freſh and grene
In tyme of harueſt, men their corne ſhere
In tyme of wynter, the northwynde mareth kene
So bylterly bytynge, the flowres be not ſene
The kalendis of ianus, with his froſtes hore
That tyme is, when people muſt lyue vpon the ſtore

¶ Quod Skelton Laureate.

Prayer

¶ Prayer to the father of heauen

DRadiant luminary of lyght intermynable
Celestial father, potenciall God of myght
Of heauen and earth. O Lord incomperable
Of all perfections the essencial most perfyght
O maker of mankynde, that formyd day and nyghte
Whose power imperyal, comprehendeth euery place
Myne hert, my mynde, my thought, my hole delyght
Is after this lyfe, to see thy glorious face

Whose magnifycence, is incomprehensybyll
All argumentes of reason, which far doth excede
Whose deite dowtles, is indiuysybyll
From whom all goodnes, and vertue doth procede
Of thy support, all creatures haue nede
Assyst me good lord, and graunte me of thy grace
To lyue to thy pleasure, in word thought and dede
And after this lyfe to see thy glorious face.

¶ To the seconde parson.

DBenygne Jesu, my souerayne lord and kynge
The only sonne of God, by filiacion
The seconde parson, without en begynnynge
Both god and man, our fayth maketh playne relacion
Mary the mother, by way of incarnacion
Whose glorious passion, our soules doth reuyue
Agayne all bodely, and goostely trybulacion
Defende me with thy pitious woundis fyue

¶ O pereles prynce, paynted to the deth
Rufully rent, thy body wan and blo

For my redempcion, gaue vp thy vytall breth
Was neuer sorow, lyke to thy dedly wo
Graunte me, out of this world when I shall go
Thyne endles mercy, for my preseruatyue
Agaynst the world, the flesh, the deuyl also
Defende me, wyth thy pyteous woundis fyue

¶ To the holy goost.

O Firy seruence, inflamed wyth all grace
Enkyndelyng hertes, wyth bꝛādis charitable
The endles reward, of pleasure and sylace
To the father, and the son, thou art cōmunicable
In vnitate, which is inseperable
O water of lyse, O well of consolacion
Agaynst all suggestions dedly, and dampnable
Rescu me good lorde, by your preseruacion

¶ To whome is apropryed, the holy ghost by name
The thyrde parson, one god in Trinite
Of perfyt loue, thou art the ghostly flame
O myrrour of mekenes, peace and tranquylyte
My consort, my counsell, my parfyt charyte
O water of lyfe, O well of consolacion
Agaynst all stormys, of harde aduersyte
Rescu me good Lord, by thy preseruacion.
AMEN.
¶ Quod Skelton Laureat.

¶ Here after folowethe the booke
called Elynour Rūmynge.

¶ The tunnyng of Elynour Rummyng. Per Skelton Laureat.

Tell you I chyll
If that ye wyll
A whyle be styll
Of a comely gyll
That dwelt on a hyll
But she is not gryll
For she is somwhat sage
And well worne in age
For her vysage
It would aswage
A mannes courage
Her lothely lere
Is nothynge clere
But vgly of chere
Droupy and dromsy
Curuy and lomsy
Her face all bomsy
Comely crynkled
Vndersy wrynkled
Lyke a rost pygges eare
Pystled wyth here
Her lewde lyppes twayne
They slauer men sayne
Lyke a ropy rayne
Gummy slayne

She is vgly fayre
Her nose somdele hoked
And camously croked
Neuer stoppynge
But euer droppynge
Her skynne lose and slacke
Greuyned lyke a sacke
With a croked backe
Her eyen gowndy
Are sull wnsowndy
For they are blered
And she gray hered
Jawed lyke a Jetty
A man would haue pyty
To se how she is gumbed
Fyngered and thumbed
Bently ioynted
Brused and anoynted
Up to the knockels
The bones her huckels
Lyke as they were with buckels
Togyther made fast
Her youth is farre past
Foted lyke a plane
Legges lyke a crane
And yet she wyll iet
Lyke a iolly fet
In her furred flocket
And gray russe rocket
With sympers the socket
Her huke of Lyncolne grene

It had ben hers I wene
More then fourty yere
And so doth it apere ·
For the grene bare thredes
Loke lyke fere wedes
wyddered lyke hay
The woll worne away
And yet I dare saye
She thynketh her selfe gaye
Upon the holy daye
whan she doth her aray
And gyrdeth in her gytes
Stytched and pranked with pletes
Her kyrtel Brystow red
with clothes vpon her hed
That they wey a fowe of led
wrythen in wonder wyse
After the saracyns gyse
with a whym wham
Knyt with a trym tram
Upon her brayne pan
Lyke an Egyptian
Capped about
whan she goeth out
Her selfe for to shewe
She dryueth downe the drewe
with a payre of heles
As brode as two wheles
She hobles as the gose
With her blauket hose
Duer the falowe

Her shone smered wyth talowe
Dresed vpon dyrt
That baudeth her skyrt
Primus pallus
And this comely dame
I vnderstande her name
Is Elynour Rummynge
At home in her wonnynge
And as men say
She dwelt in Sothray
In a certayne stede
Bysyde Lederhede
She is a tonnysh gyb
The deuyll and she be syb.
But to make vp my tale
She breweth noppy ale
And maketh therof pore sale
To trauellars, to tynkers
To sweters, to swynkers
And all good ale drynkers
That wyll nothynge spare
But drynke tyll they stare
And bringe them selfe bare
With now away the mare
And let vs fley care
As wyse as an hare
Come who so wyll
To Elynour on the hyll
Wyll, syll the cup syll
And syt there by styll
Erly and late

Thyther

Thyther cometh Kate
Lysly and Sare
with theyr legges bare
And also theyr fete
Hardely full vnswete
wyth theyr heles dagged
Theyr kyrtelles all to iagged
Theyr smockes all to ragged
wyth tytters and tatters
Bryngе dyshes and platters
wyth all the yr myght runnynge
To Elynour rummynge
To haue of her tunnynge
She leueth them on the same
And thus begynneth the game
Some wenches come vnlased
Some huswyues come vnbrased
wyth theyr naked pappes
That flyppes, and flappes
It wygges and it wagges
Lyke tawny sassron bagges
A sorte of soule drabbes
All scuruy with scabbes
Some be fly bytten
Some skrewed as a kytten
Some wyth a sho clout
Bynde theyr heddes about
Some haue no herelace
Theyr lockes about theyr face
Theyr tresses vntrust
All full of vnlust

Some

Some loke straw
Some cawdy mawdy
Full buttydy tegges
Lyke rotten egges
Suche a lewde sorte
To Elynsur resorte
From tyde to tyde
Abyde abyde
And to you shall be tolde
How hyr ale is solde
To mawte and to molde

Secundus pastus.

Some haue no mony
That thyder commy
For they are to pay
That is a shrewd aray
Elynsur sweted nay
Ye shall not beare away
My ale for nought
By hym that me bought
With hey dogge hay
Haue these hogges away
With get me a staffe
The swyne eate my draffe
Stryke the hogges with a clubbe
They haue dronke vp my sowlynge tubbe
For be there neuer so much prese
These swyne go to the hye dese
The sowe with her pygges
The bore his tayle wrygges
His rumpe also he frygges

Agayn

Agaynst the hye benche
With fo, ther is a stenche
Gather vp thou wenche
Seest thou not what is fall
Take vp dust and all
And bere out of the hall
God gyue it yll preuynge
Clenly as yuell cheuynge
But let [illegible]urne playne
There we lefte agayne
For as yll a patch as that
The hennes ron in the mashfat
For they go to roust
Streyght ouer the ale toust
And donge whan it commes
In the ale tunnes
Than Elynour taketh
The mashe bolle and shaketh
The hennes donge away
And skommeth it into a tray
where as the yeest is
with her maungy fystis
And somtyme she blennes
The donge of her hennes
And the ale together
And sayeth gossyp come hyther
This ale shalbe thycker
And stronge the more quicker
For I may tell you
I lerned it of a Jewe
whan I began to brewe

And I haue founde it trew
Drinke now whyle it is new
And ye may it broke
It shall make you loke
Yonger than ye be
Yeres two or thre
For ye may proue it by me
Beholde she sayde and so
How bryght I am of ble
Ich am not cast away
That can my husband say
whan we kys and play
In lust and in lykyng
He calleth me his whytyng
His mullyng and his nyting
His nobbes and his conny
His swetyng and his honny
With bas my prety bonny
Thou art worth good and monny
This make I my fayre sonny
Tel that he dreme and dronny
For after all our sport
Than wyll he rout and snort
Than swetely together we ly
As two pygges in a sty.
¶ To cease me semeth best
And of this tale to rest
And for to leue this letter
Because it is no better
And because it is no swetter
We wyll no farther ryme

Of it, at this tyme
But we wyll turne playne
where we left agayne
Tertius passus
¶In stede of coyne and monny
Some bryngē her a conny
And some a pot with honny
Some a salt, and some a spone
Some theyr hose some theyr shone
Some ran a good trot
with a skellet or a pot
Some syll theyr pot full
Of good Lemster wull
An huswyfe of trust
whan she is a thrust
Suche a webbe can spyn
Her thrykt is full thyn
¶Some go streyght thyder
Be it slaty or slyder
They holde the hye waye
They care not what men say
Be that as be maye
Some lothe to be espyde
Some start in at the backe syde
Ouer the hedge and pale
And all for the good ale
¶Some renne tyll they sweate
Bryngē wyth them maite or wheate
And dame Elynour entreate
To dyle them of the best
Than cometh an other gest

She swered by the rode of Rest
Her lyppes are so drye
without drynke she must dye
Therefore fyll it by and by
And haue here a pecke of ry
CAnone cometh another
As drye as the other
And wyth her doth bringe
Mele, salte, or other thynge
Her hetuest gyrdle, het weddynge ryage
To pay for her scot
As cometh to her lot
Some bryngeth her husbandes hood
Because the ale is good
Another brought her his cap
To offer to the ale tap
wyth flare and wyth towe
And some brought sowre dowe
wyth hey and wyth howe
Syt we downe a rowe
And drynke tyll we blowe
And pype tyrly tyrlowe
CSome layde to pledge
Theyr hatchet and theyr wedge
Theyr hekell and theyr rele
Theyr rocke, theyr spynnyng whele
And some went so narrowe
They layde to pledge theyr wharrowe
Theyr rybskyn and theyr spyndell
Theyr nedell and theyr hymbell
Here was scant thryft

Than they made suche shyft
Their thrust was so great
They asked neuer for meate
But drynke styll drynke
And let the cat wynke
Let vs washe our gommes
From the drye crommes
Quartus passus
Some for very nede
Laye downe a skeyne of threde
And some a skeyne of yarne
Some brought from the barne
Both Benes and pease
Small chaffer doth ease
Sometyme, now and than
Another there was that ran
With a good brasse pan
Her colour was full wan
She ran in all the hast
Unbraced and unlast
Tawny swart and swallowe
Lyke a cake of tallowe
I swere by all hallow
It was a stare to take
The deuyll in a brake
And than came haltyng Jone
And brought a gambone
Of bakon that was resty
But lorde as she was testy
Angry as a waspy
She began to yane and gaspy

And bad Elynour go bet
And fyll in good met
It was derre that was farre fet
Another brought a spycke
Of a bacon flycke
Her tonge was very quycke
But she spake somwhat thycke
Her felow did stammer and stut
But she was a foule slut
For her mouth fomyd
And her bely groned
Lone layne she had eaten a fyest
By Christ layde she thou lyest
I haue as swete a breth
As thou wyth shamfull deth
Than Elynour layde, ye calettes
I shall breake your palettes
wythout ye now cease
And so was made the dronken peace
Than thyder came dronken Ales
And she was full of tales
Of tydynges in wales
And of Saunct James in Gales
And of the Portyngales
wyth lo gossyp I wys
Thus and thus it is
There hath ben great way
Betwene temple bar
And the crosse in chepe
And there came an hepe
Of mylstones in a route

She speketh thus in her snout
Snevelyng in her nose
As though she had the pose
Lo here is an olde typpet
And ye wyll gyue me a syppet
Of your stale ale
God sende you good sale
And as she was drynkynge
She fyll in a wynkynge
Wyth a barly hood
She pyst where she stood
Than began she to wepe
And forth wyth fell on slepe
Elynour toke her vp
And blessed her wyth a cup
Of newe ale in cornes
Ales founde therin no thornes
But supped it vp at ones
She founde therin no bones

Quintus passus.

Nowe in cometh another rabell
Fyrst one wyth a ladell
Another wyth a cradell
And wyth a syde sadell
And there began a babell
A clatterynge and a babell
Of folys fylly
That had a sole wyth wylly
Wyth iast you, and sup gylly
She coulde not lye stylly
Then came in a genet

And swore by sayncte Benet
I dranke not this sennet
A draught to my pay
Elynour I the pray
Of thyne ale let vs assay
And haue here a pyche of gray
I were skynnes of conny
That causeth I loke so donny
Another than dyd hyche her
And brought a pottel pycher
A tonnel, and a bottell
But she had lost the stoppell
She cut of her sho sole
And stopped therwyth the hole
Amonge all the blommer
Another brought a skommer
A fryinge pan and a syce
Elynour made the pryce
For good ale eche whyt
Than sterte in mad kyt
That had lyttle wyt
She semed somdele seke
And brought a peny cheke
To dame Elynour
For a draught of lycour
Than Margery mylke ducke
Her kyrtell she did vpsucke
An ynche aboue her kne
Her legges that ye myght se
But they were sturdy and stubbled
Myghty pestels and clubbed

As fayre and as whyte
As the fote of a kyte
She was somwhat foule
Croke necked lyke an oule
And yet she brought her fees
A cantell of Esser chese
was well a fote thycke
Full of magottes quycke
It was huge and greate
And myghty stronge meate
For the deuyll to eate
It was tart and punyete
Another sorte of sluttes
Some brought maluntes
Some apples, some peres
Some brought theyr clyppynge sheres
Some brought this and that
Some brought I wote nere what
Some brought theyr husbandes hat
Some podynges and lynkes
Some trypes that stynges
But of all this thronge
One came them amonge
She semed halfe a leche
And began to preche
Of the tewsday in the weke
whan the mare doth keke
Of the vertue of an vnset leke
Of her husbandes breke
wyth the feders of a quale
She could to burde on sayle

And wyth good ale barme
She could make a charme
To helpe wyth all a stytch
She semed to be a wytch
Another brought two goslynges
That were noughty croslynges
She brought them in a wallet
She was a cumly callet
The goslenges were vntyde
Elynour began to chyde
They be wretchockes thou hast brought
They are thyne shakyng nought

Secundus pallus.

Maude Ruggy, thyther skypped
She was vgly hypped
And vgly thycke lypped
Lyke an onyon syded
Lyke tan ledder hyded
She had her so guyded
Betweene the cup and the wall
That she was there wyth all
Into a palsey fall
wyth that her hed shaked
And her handes quaked
Ones hed wold haue aked
To se her naked
She dranke so of the dragges
The dropsy was in her legges
Her face glystryng lyke glas
All foggy fat she was
She had also the gout

In all her ioyntes about
Her breth was soure and stale
And smelled all of ale
Suche a bedfellaw
Wold make one cast his craw
But yet for all that
She dranke on the mash fat
There came an old rybybe
She halted of a kybe
And had broken her shyn
At the threshold comyng in
And fell so wyde open
That one myght se her token
The deuyll there on be wroken
What nede all this be spoken
She yelled lyke a calfe
Kysse vp on gods halfe
Said Elynour Rummyng
I be shrew the for thy cummyng
And as she at her did pluck
Quake, quake, sayd the duck
In that lampatrams lap
Wyth fy, couer the shap
Wyth sum flyp flap
God gyue it yll hap
Sayde Elynour, for shame
Lyke an honest dame
Up she sterte, halfe lame
And skantly could go
For payne and for wo
In came another dame

Wyth a gose and a gant
She had a wyse wesant
She was nothynge plesant
Necked lyke an olyfant
It was a bullyfant
A gredy cormerant
Another brought her garlyke heddes
Another brought her hedes
Of Jet or of cole
To offer to the ale pole
Some brought a wymble,
Some brought a thymble
Some brought a fylke lace
Some brought a pyncase
Some her husbandes gowne
Some a pyllow of downe
Some of the napery
And all this shyfte they make
For the good ale sake
¶ A strawe sayde bele stande vtter
For we haue eggys and butter
And of pygeons a payre
¶ Tha[illegible] forth a sysgygge
And she brought a bore pygge
The flesshe therof was ranke
And her brethe strongly stanke
Yet or she went she dranke
And gat her great thanke
Of Elynour for her mare
That she thyther bare
To pay for her share

Mothe

Now truly to my thynkynge
This is a solempne drinkynge
Septimus passus
¶ Holt quod one hyght Sybbyll
And let me wyth you bybyll
She sat downe in the place
with a sory face
Whey wormed about
Garnyshed was her snout
wyth here and there a puscull
Lyke a scabbyd muscull
This ale sayde she is noppy
Let vs syppe and soppy
And not spyll a droppy
For so mote I hoppy
It coleth well my croppy
¶ Dame Elynoure sayde she
Haue here is for me
A cloute of london pynnes
And wyth that she begynnes
The pot to her plucke
And dranke a good lucke
She swynged vp a quarte
At ones for her parte
Her paunche was so puffed
And so wyth ale stuffed
Had she not hyed a pace
She had defoyled the place
¶ Than began the sporte
Amonge that dronken sorte
Dame Eleynour sayde they

Lende here a cocke of hey
To make all thynge cleane
Ye wote well what we meane
¶ But syr among all
That sat in that hall
There was a prycke me deynty
Hat lyke a seynty
And began to paynty
As though she would saynty
She made it as koy
As a lege moy
She was not halfe so wyse
As she was peuysshe nyse
She sayde neuer a worde
But rose from the borde
And called for her dame
Elynour by name
We supposed I trow
That she rose to pys
But the very grounde
was for to compounde
with Elynour in the spence
To pay for her expence
I haue no penny nor grote
To pay sayde she, god wote
For walhyng of my throte
But my bedes of amber
Were them to your chamber
Then Elynour dyd them hyde
with in her beedes syde
But some than sat rygh sad

That

What nothynge had
There of theyr owne
Neyther gelt nor paune
Suche were there menny
That had not a penny
But whan they should walke
were fayne wyth a chalke
To score on the balke
Or score on the tayle
God gyue it yll hayle
For my fynger ytche
I haue wryten to mytche
Of this mad mummynge
Of Elynour Rummynge
Thus endeth the gest
Of this worthy fest.

Quod Skelton Laureat.

Laurati Skeltonidis in despectu malignantium distichon.

Quamuis insanis, quãuis marcescis inanis
Inuidi cantamus, hec loca plena locis

Bien men souuient.

Omnes feminas (q̃ vel nimis bibule sunt, vel que sordida labe squaloris, aut quã spurca feditatis macula, aut verbosa laquacitate notãtur, poeta inuitat ad audiendum hunc libellũ. &c.

Ebria

Cbila, squalida, sordida femina, pdiga verbis
Huc currat, pperet veniat sua gesta libell
Iste volutabit: pean sua plectra sonando
Materiam risus cantabit carmine rauco

FINIS.

Quod Skelton Laureat.

Thus endeth these lytle workes compyled by maister Skelton Poet Laureat.

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